

Fire Bug Bound Over

L. P. Haines, the alleged fire bug, was arraigned before Justice Kingdon Tuesday, and held to await the action of the grand jury in bonds of \$5,000. He has been unable to make the bond and languishes in jail. If the charge is true, that is where he belongs.

Albert Davis and D. J. W. Muir, two popular citizens of Folsom, attended to business in the county seat Wednesday.

A. and C. Polson of the Coates country, were business visitors and traders in the city the first of the week.

Lee E. Byrne, chief assistant in county treasurer's office, made a business trip to Des Moines Friday afternoon.

Makes 61 Feel Like 16

"I suffered with kidney ailment for two years," writes Mrs. M. A. Bridges, Robinson, Miss., "and commenced taking Foley Kidney Pills ten months ago. I am now able to do all my work without fatigue. I am now 61 years of age and feel like a 16-year old girl." Foley Kidney Pills strengthen and invigorate weak, tired and damaged kidneys; relieve backache, weak back, rheumatism and bladder trouble. They are tonic in action. For sale by City Drug Store.

THINGS ALL OUGHT TO KNOW

As Christian Bible Students—The Satisfactory Proof of "Why God Permits Evil."

One of the questions which comes nearly every thinking mind today is "Why does God permit evil?" As we look about us in the world we observe that it is filled with sorrow and trouble, sickness and pain and every trial we could enumerate, and we cannot help wondering WHY GOD ALLOWS IT. We realize that He is almighty and that He could prevent it if He wished. We read in the Word that He is more willing to do for His children than are earthly parents for theirs, and we know how much that means; yet at times it seems that those who try to do and live right have the most trouble. This question is made very clear in a book entitled "The Divine Plan of the Ages." Every statement is backed by Scripture, and shows that while God does not sanction evil, He HAS HAD A PURPOSE IN ALLOWING SIN AND DEATH TO REIGN THESE SIX THOUSAND YEARS. This and many other subjects of deep interest to all of God's people are discussed fully and in language easy to comprehend.

In English, German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Italian, French, Greek, Hungarian, Spanish, Polish, Hollandish, Finnish, (Syriac and Turkish) Armenian in preparation.

355 pages, cloth bound, 35 cents post paid. Address Bible and Tract Society, 17 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Unusual Sight

Once we were young and now we are older, but never yet have we seen a man's wife going to his folks for advice as to what she should buy. —Gaston News.

ARM BROKEN, HE HUNTS ON.

Man, Seventy-four, Keeps After a Deer For a Week After Accident.

Belleville, Pa.—Isaac Miller, seventy-four years old, a member of a Belleville hunting party out on the Alleghenies after deer, fell off a box in the hunters' tent and dislocated his left shoulder. So eager was he to get a shot at a deer that he refused to listen to the insistence of his friends that he come home, but strapped the upper part of his arm to his body and hunted all week. He walked six miles to the nearest settlement and was brought home, a distance of forty miles, by automobile. The arm was reset, and he is little worse for the experience.

CURFEW FOR "CARD FIENDS."

It Strikes at Midnight in Muncie, When Cigar Stores Close.

Muncie, Ind.—Because of the complaint by wives and mothers that husbands and sons were being kept out too late at night by the fascination of playing rummy and other card games in cigar stores the police have issued orders that all cigar stores in this city must close their doors at midnight.

The owners of these places have complied willingly, most of them saying that they welcome the opportunity to get away from their places of business at a reasonable hour instead of having to spend the night entertaining "card fiends."

Censor Opened Prince's Mail.

London.—When the Prince of Wales sent two long letters to his mother describing his experiences at the front they were opened by the censor in the same manner as those of ordinary soldiers.

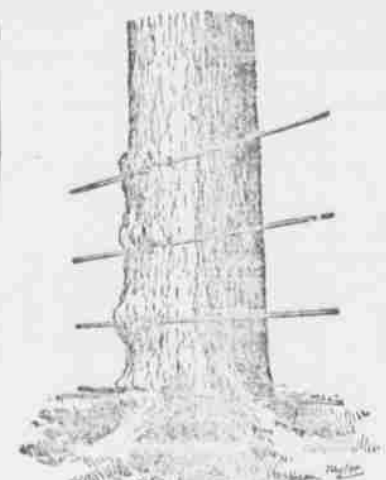
Scientific Farming

WIRE FENCES AND TREES.

Best Method of Attaching the Wire Explained.

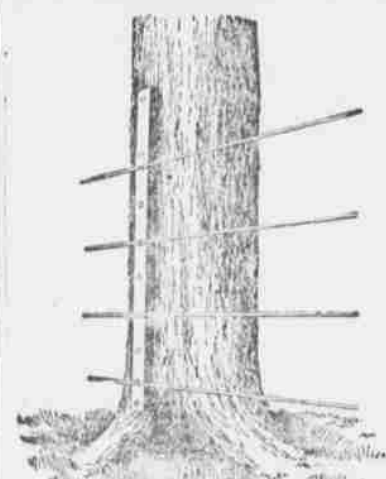
[Prepared by United States Department of Agriculture.]

In running wire fences it may be necessary or desirable to attach the wire to trees along the fence lines. In many regions old fence rows have grown up naturally to trees. In others wind breaks have been planted between fields, making tree lines to which wire fencing may be attached without the labor and expense of setting posts. In attaching wires to trees, however, it is bad practice to fasten them di-



WRONG WAY TO ATTACH FENCE WIRE TO TREES

rectly to the trees, for when this is done the wire will be grown over and imbedded within the tree itself. This has a number of disadvantages. Not only do the wounds mar the appearance of the tree, but they also afford entrance for diseases which cause decay. In the second place, if the tree is ever cut for lumber either the best part of the trunk has to be thrown out and wasted, or else, if the wires and staples are deeply imbedded, the tree may be sawed into without any knowl-



RIGHT WAY TO ATTACH FENCE WIRE TO TREES

edge on the part of the sawmill men that the wires are there. The results are likely to be disastrous to the saw, and may even endanger human life. Further, it is impossible after the wire is grown over to move the fence without cutting the wire or chopping deep into the tree.

A better way, and one that protects both the tree and the fence, is to nail to the tree a strip of wood from four to six inches wide and an inch or more thick, and of a length to suit the height of the fence. The wires can then be stapled to this strip. As the tree grows the strip is forced out and the tree is not injured. The strip can be nailed tighter from time to time, the wire fence always remaining stapled to it. If there is occasion to move the fence or cut the tree the strip can be pried off without any difficulty.

Government Aid For Farmers.

When certain kinds of living organisms which take nitrogen from the air are properly worked into the soil crop yields are often greatly increased, and land that is worn out is put in condition for bearing more crops. The office of soil bacteriology investigations is an important branch of the department's bureau of plant industry and not only investigates the bacteria beneficial to the soil, but prepares cultures of certain kinds for distribution to farmers, who may use them to make their farming more profitable. During the past year this office distributed enough culture of bacteria to treat about 200,000 acres of crops, such as alfalfa, vetch, crimson clover, red clover, cowpeas and soy beans.

Upon the recommendation of representatives of the department, especially county agents, the "cultures" are distributed to farmers who need and desire them. The department's agents

in their distribution are endeavoring to encourage the use of legume crops, such as alfalfa and cowpeas, in crop rotation systems so as to maintain the fertility of the land.

Distributions of "inoculating material" have been made by the department since 1902, when the first practical method was evolved for preparing pure cultures of bacteria for inoculating legumes. These bacteria are called "nitrogen fixing" because they are able to absorb nitrogen gas from the air and "fix" it into solid compounds in the soil, where it is a valuable plant food.

WAR AND KINGS.

We do not want others' blood, and we refuse to shed our own. George K. Kirkpatrick.

Let those who make the quarrels be the only ones to fight—Alice L. Park.

They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Isaiah II. 1.

And they shall build houses and inhabit them, and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them, and they shall not build and another inhabit. They shall not plant and another eat.—Isaiah IX. 21, 22.

If any will not work neither shall they eat.—Thess. III. 10.

Dunes and Downs.

"Dunes," as we call hillocks and ridges of sand, is the same word as our "downs," and the adverb "down," is really the same word too. It was originally "adown," a corruption of (an) Anglo-Saxon "of dune," meaning down the down or hill. So the substantive "down" and the adverb "down" have come to suggest almost diametrically opposite ideas, and the phrase "down in the valley" when looked into proves to be one of the strangest in the language.—London Spectator.

THE ELM TREE.

The hulls of logs from the settler's elms.

The best of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em.

Never an ax has seen their chips, And the wedges flew from between their lips.

Their blunt ends frizzled like velvety tips.

—Holmes.

"If that fair elm," he cried, "alone should stand,

No grapes would grow with gold and tempt the hand.

Or if that vine without her elm should grow

"Twould creep, a poor neglected shrub below."

—Ovid.

MERROW DOWN

There runs a road by Merrow Down—

A grassy track today it is—

An hour out of Goudford town, Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse bells ring,

The ancient Britons dressed and rode

To watch the dark Phoenicians bring

Their goods along the western road.

And here, or hereabouts, they met

To hold their racial talks and such

To barter beads for Whitby jet,

And tin for gay shell torques and such

Then beavers built in Broadstone brook

And made a swamp where Brambley stands,

And bears from Shere would come and look

For Taffall where Shamley stands.

—Rudyard Kipling.

LULLABY.

Day is stealing down the west,

Tender, drowsy sounds are heard

Closer now each downy bird

Creeps 'neath mother wings to rest

In the fading sky afar,

Kindled by some angel hand

Twinkling comes a tiny star—

Baby's guide to Sleepy Land.

Cooler, darker grows the air,

Eerie shadows haunt the room,

In the garden, through the gloom,

Wildering bats and owlets fare

But the lambs and birdsies seem

Happy now at home to keep,

And a darling little dream

Smiles at baby in his sleep.

—Florence Earle Coates.

A Belgian War Romance

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

One quiet evening in the summer of 1913 a pair of young lovers stood on a bridge that crossed the river Lys, in Belgium. They were there for a parting. The young man was to leave for the coast early the next morning and thence for America. Nothing could be more peaceful than the scene about them. A young moon stood in the west. If an occasional breeze stirred the leaves on the trees they were stirred lightly. As for sound, there was only a slight gurgle beneath them as the current passed the abutment of the bridge.

"Mina," said the young man, "cheer up. It will not be long before in America I shall have saved enough money to send for you. That we may have a definite time to be reunited I promise you that one year from today, if not before, you shall receive the promised money to bring you to me."

"And I, Hans, will work and save so that if you do not succeed in gaining enough to send for me I may have enough for the journey."

When the year had passed a great change had come over Belgium. The Germans were pouring into the country from the east, the French from the south. Wilhelm had received letters from her lover in New York that money would be sent her for her passage, but before it was dispatched the war had stopped the mails.

On the anniversary of their parting at evening, Wilhelm went to the bridge on which they had stood a year before. It was now a ruin, more than half of it having been destroyed. Here and there across the fields were flashes, followed by a distant roar of guns, while searchlights sent their columns of light across the sky like the tails of great comets.

What should she do? Her home had been that day in the line of fire and was a ruin. Before leaving it she had snatched up her savings, and these she had with her. Standing there in the identical spot where she had stood in quiet with her lover, she resolved to go to him if possible.

There was no way of announcing her coming beforehand. She had neither writing materials nor a way to send a letter. Indeed, it was doubtful if even she could break through the line of war to reach the coast. And if she arrived at a port would she find a vessel? Nevertheless she turned her face toward Holland and set off in the darkness.

Her adventures are a long story by itself. Fortune favoring, she reached Rotterdam in safety and there found that she had the means to buy a steerage ticket on an outgoing steamer to New York.

On the arrival of the vessel the emigrants were landed at Ellis Island, and Wilhelm among others was brought before the emigration commissioners. There she was asked how she would be provided for in America, and when she said that she had no money she was told that she would be sent back to Holland.

Her modesty, the consciousness that she was coming to marry a man without a special bidding, had caused her to conceal what she expected. Besides, suppose Hans had changed! But the prospect of being sent back to a land running in blood, where even the little home in which she had been born and always lived had been leveled, overcame her reticence, and she told a love story that no pen, however inspired, could put on paper.

"Hans must be found!"

Such were the instructions given to a messenger, who departed on his errand.

There is a committee of Belgians in New York whose purpose it is to look after their incoming fellow countrymen. The head of the committee was found, and he in turn started a hunt for Hans.

Ever since the war had broken out Hans had been anxious about his Wilhelm. He had not dared to send her his savings for fear they would be lost. Indeed, one of the troubles brought on

by the war was the inability to send funds to Europe. He had written her, but without expectation that she would receive his letters. As to receiving letters from her, he had no faith in that either.

Hans was at work one afternoon when a fellow workman came to him and told him that the boss wished to see him in the office. Hans laid down his tools and reported as directed. He found beside the boss a man, who asked him:

"Are you Hans Wilhelm?"

"I am."

"There is a girl on Ellis Island who came over from Belgium. She says you will marry her?"

"Mina?"

"She says her name is Wilhelmina." "Marry her? Of course I will marry her. Where can I find her?"

Hans wished to go, but to Ellis Island, but suddenly remembered that a man in overalls was now wearing a costume fitted different, then set off to join his sister-in-law.

If the authorities had any doubt about Wilhelm's story, it was dispelled by the fervent declaration of the lovers. But such fervent declarations take no more account of marriage and there is no instance of promise in his hands. A man went with the couple to the city hall in New York, where a license was procured. Then the girl went to the office of the Belgian committee, where the marriage ceremony was performed.

Ten Stick Island.

In the Southwest bay, in the New Hebrides group, there is a small wooded island of considerable height above the sea, although only a few hundred yards in circumference. The story of its acquisition is a curious one. South-west bay used to be considered a good place for target practice by the British men of war on prior only there, and this small islet was used as a target so frequently that it seemed in danger of being gradually shot away. The chief who owned it protested and wanted compensation. The captain of a man-of-war who understood the natives knew that these claims would be a needless source of blackmail unless they were settled once for all, so he bought the island for the British crown, paying ten sticks of tobacco for it, and every one was satisfied. The place since then has been known as "Ten Stick Island."—London Standard.

Isn't a Leaf Always Bread?

"How is Robert getting on at college?" asked the minister, who was being entertained at dinner.

"Splendidly," said the proud father, who then went on to tell of his son's various social, athletic and scholastic successes, and the minister said it was a fine thing to be college bred.

That evening little James, who had been an interested listener, said, "Papa, what did Mr. Brown mean by 'college bred'?"

"Oh, that," said papa, who had been looking over his son's hills, "is a four years' loaf."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Rattlesnakes.

Advancing civilization is fast diminishing the rattlesnake on the American continent. There are said to be twelve species and thirteen varieties. While the poison of this snake is usually fatal to man, it never attempts to strike unless it is molested.

A Polished Villain.

"He is very popular with his wife of late."

"And him such a flirt. How does he do it?"

"She called him up the other day and said, 'Hello, darling,' and he recognized her voice and replied: 'You have evidently made a mistake. I am not your darling. I have the dearest, sweetest, most beautiful wife in the world, and she is the only woman I permit to call me darling.'"—Houston Post.

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